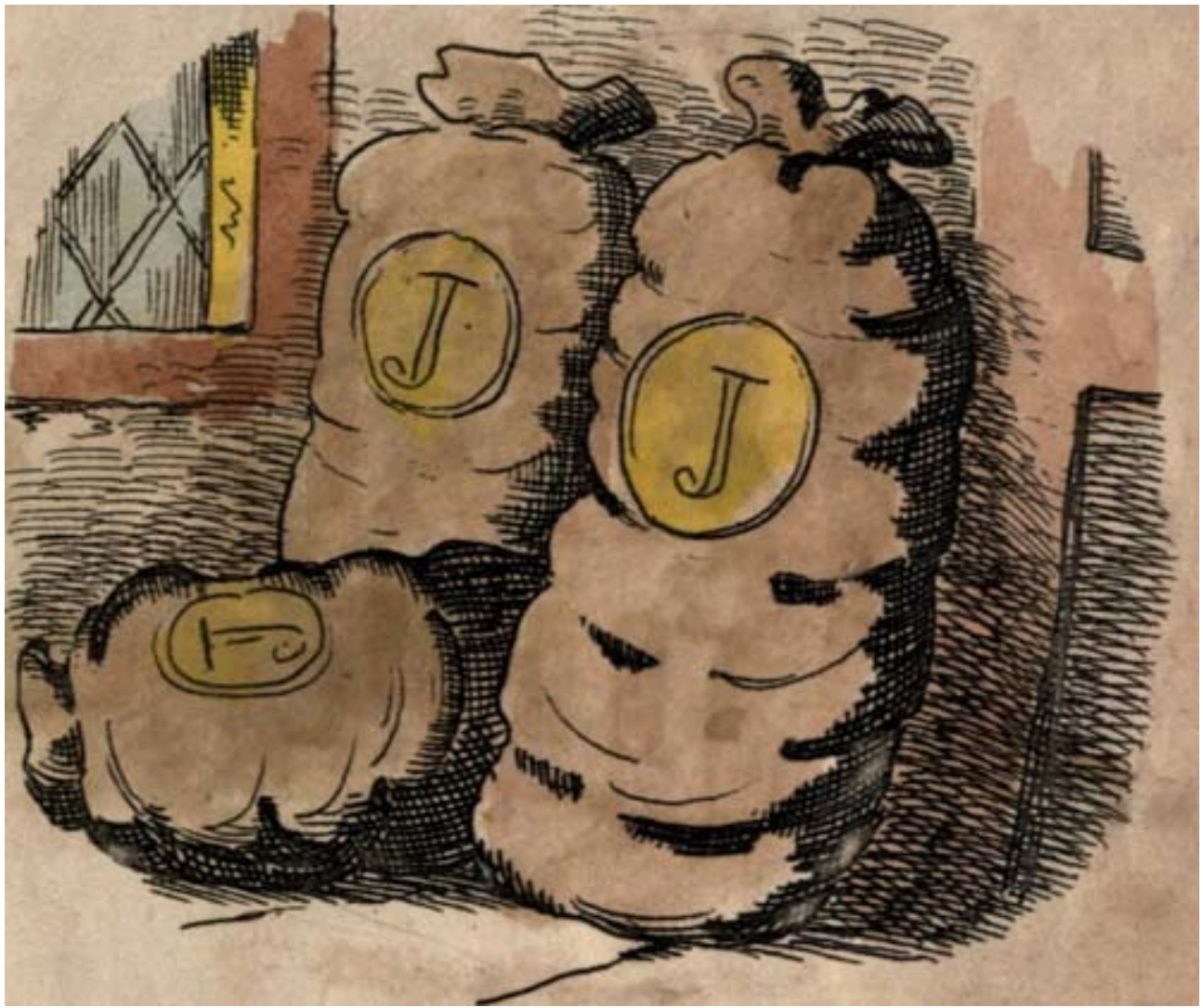




This is the house  
that Jack built.



This is the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.





This is the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.



This is the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.





This is the dog  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.



This is the cow  
with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.





This is the maiden all  
forlorn,  
That milked the cow  
with the crumpled horn,





That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.



This is the man who  
grew the corn,  
That kissed the maiden  
all forlorn,



That milked  
the cow with



the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house  
that Jack  
built.





This is the priest all  
shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all  
tattered and torn,



That kissed the maiden  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow  
with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the  
malt,  
That lay in the  
house that Jack built.





This is the cock that  
crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest  
all shaven and shorn,



That married the man  
who grew the corn,  
That kissed the maiden  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow  
with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the  
house that  
Jack built.

